DEATH OF A POET
–ANNE FREMANTLE

THE

Commonweal

What Is "Natural"?

by Gerald Vann

The Battle Against Time

by John Cogley

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And she brought forth her firstborn son,
and wrapped him in swaddling
clothes, and laid him in a
manger, because there was no
room for them in the inn.
St. Luke 2:7

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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 271

What Is "Natural"?
by Gerald Vann 274

The Battle Against Time
by John Cogley 276

The Uses of Crisis
by Gunnar D. Kumlien 279

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 281

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 281

Communications 282

Death of a Poet
by Anne Fremantle 285

Lines for the Death of Dylan Thomas: A Poem
by John Logan 285

Books 287

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Contributing Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM, ANNE FREMANTLE

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE Commonweal
week by week

LA TRAHISON DES CLERCS

SOMETIME last year, around the beginning of the Presidential campaign, the editors of *Time-Life* decided that no real threat to civil liberties exists in the United States. "McCarthyism," they announced, is a mere bogeyman born in the nightmares of confused liberals and used by them (for what dark anti-anti-Communist ends) to frighten the nation to death. There is nothing wrong with America's cultural climate, they implied, that a little sophisticated reflection—à la *Time-Life*—would not cure. Because, except for a little hysteria on the left, and a little vulgarity on the right, everything is good as it can possibly be in this best of all possible countries.

This has been the Luce-line, and the Luce editors have stuck to it. Senator McCarthy's outbursts have made the going a little rough sometimes, but they've maintained their cheery assurance in the face of all challenge. In the glossy pages of their magazines the national picture has been consistently serene, and the Senator from Wisconsin has figured in it, if at all, only as an occasionally bothersome, occasionally noisy fly in the national ointment.

The editors of *Life* (and, we suppose, their friends, the editors of *Time*) now feel vindicated in this line. A recent *Life* editorial, called "No One Need Stand Silent," jubilantly cites the case of Lieutenant Milo J. Radulovich as proof of its long-standing contention that everything is basically dandy.

As most Americans must now know, Lieutenant Radulovich's father was accused of having read pro-Communist newspapers and his sister was alleged to have taken part in pro-Communist demonstrations. Because of his continued association with both of them the lieutenant was labeled a "security risk" by an Air Force security board (although no taint of suspicion was attached to him personally), and threatened with loss of his reserve commission in the Air Force. But the lieutenant fought back, and other people took up his fight—most notably Edward R. Murrow on his television program *See It Now*. Under the resulting pressure Secretary of the Air Force Talbott took up the case, studied the charges against the lieutenant, and dismissed them.

All this, *Life* says, provides "a useful correction" to such an "overwrought description of fear and hysteria" as was recently made by Mr. Justice William O. Douglas when he said: " 'Men are adjudged on the whispered accusation of faceless people not known to the accused. . . . Anxieties and suspicions are aroused until a community does not know what to believe or whom to trust. . . . More and more people conclude that the only safe thing to do is to conform: to stand silent or to join the hunt.' "

Lieutenant Radulovich, *Life* points out, "is one who did not conform, stand silent, or join the hunt, and who found the sense of fair play in this country not dormant but lively—not to say positively aggressive." The happy moral of his story, *Life* concludes, "proves that a man can get a fair hearing if he will stand up and fight."

THIS is a comfortable moral, and it is very neat. That is its trouble—its neatness. It ignores all the messy origins of the case, all the heartbreaking overtones, all the anguish and battle required to set it right. It ignores the rather obvious fact that, except for the dramatic intervention of Edward R. Murrow, the case might never have been set right—and that Edward R. Murrow's time is limited.

Life's moral ignores, in fact, all the real points in the case—that it happened in the first place, that it is typical of things that are happening all over America today, and that it took a national campaign to set it right. And so it ignores the real moral of the story: that a society in which injustice, indignity, and stupidity are taken for granted until, in an individual case, they are made the object of an intensive counter-attack, is a society in which all is not well.

All is not well in the United States. The occurence of the Radulovich case should prove this, if

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nothing else. And the intellectuals by profession—the nation's writers, educators and editors—should be the first to point it out.

The fact that some of them take considerable pains to ignore it represents a new *trahison des clercs,* the betrayal of a trust by those who, by vocation, should know better. It is nice to be comfortable. It is nice to be neat. It is nice to be superior to the "hysterical," the "fearful" and the demagogues. It is nice to sit secure in one's office or study while the vulgar currents of history go rushing by. This has happened before—in recent history. And the vulgar currents have risen to drown the comfortable in their sweep.

The educated and literate by profession should be the first to cry danger when the threat of totalitarianism is felt. They failed here as a class in the case of Communism—and they are paying for this failure in their present disrepute. The voice of a new failure, a new treason, is now heard speaking in the reassuring accents of Rockefeller Plaza, telling Americans that everything is wonderful, that no dangers exist in our land. This failure may prove as disastrous for them as the first, and its price may be the same. Those who ignore history, or edit it to fit their line, must eventually pay.

UTILITIES TO HAVE THEIR DAY

IN their efforts to instigate a more businesslike way of doing things the Eisenhower administration has launched out on several paths diverging from its predecessor's. One of the biggest changes is in the matter of hydroelectric power. TVA, long anathema to the nation's private utility companies, is under fire. Likewise the Rural Electrification Administration, which has never received due credit for its accomplishments in bringing electricity to the bulk of the nation's farms (whereas the utility companies had for years blocked the construction of the necessary power lines).

Secretary McKay has decreed that after the first of the year local REA groups must declare in advance how much power they will require of government facilities and at least pay the standby charges —whether they use it all or not. Such public groups no longer have priority in the purchase of government-generated power; if they expand, they will often be forced to buy government power from private companies under the new policy.

This is all of a piece with the Interior Department's intention of entrusting to private companies the development of the sites for hydroelectric power that still remain in the West. It is also consistent with the absence of public power advocates on Herbert Hoover's twenty-six-man team which is at present engaged in investigating government power projects. It looks as if, in the name of efficiency and good business, much of the government-engendered experience and accomplishment of the past fifteen years is now to be cast aside.

NO NEWSPAPERS

THE straphanger or commuter who appears to be at loose ends without his daily newspaper may cut a rather comic figure. Reading the paper day after day is a habit that is deeply ingrained. The suspension of New York's newspapers, occasioned by a photo-engraver's strike, forcibly demonstrates that there is no real substitute for one's daily paper. No amount of increased news broadcasts and telecasts comes close to taking its place. The extent of general dependence on the papers is further underlined by the timing of this strike: public interest in several domestic and world happenings is intense.

If the strike has been making emphatically clear the big role metropolitan newspapers play in the daily lives of millions of Americans, it points even more forcibly to the number of enterprises that are heavily dependent on the papers. Department stores are experiencing some difficulty in unloading large stocks they had laid in for the normal Christmas rush. New books are being launched virtually unsung and unreviewed—as are Broadway plays and musicals and first showings of new movies. The situation is particularly hard on concert artists, who count on good notices about their New York per-

NEXT WEEK

GEORGE P. CARLIN presents excerpts from final letters to their parents from Japanese Kamikaze pilots (in the Christmas Issue).

"It is a great honor that I have been selected as a member of the Special Attack Corps, but when I think of you I cannot help but cry. You have brought me up hoping that I would make a success of the future. That makes it harder for me to die before I can make you happy and relieve your worries. . . . Once in a while I get a bad idea that I would like to come home beside you, but this is of course a very bad thing to think about. When I was baptized I was told to 'die,' was I not? And I was also told that even if I were killed by a bullet shot by an American soldier, I would die in the hands of my Savior."

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formances to provide a foundation for engagements in other cities.

All this goes to serve as an example of the extent to which modern industrial relations have social consequences. Wages and working conditions, striking, hiring and firing do have a wider social context even in less public enterprises than the newspapers. What happens in one corporation, or one industry, has repercussions on many others. In fact, the American public has a vital stake in practically every major industrial dispute.

FAMILIES AND TAXES

PLANS for a general overhaul of our tax structure have long been in the wind, and right at the moment the House Ways and Means Committee is studying various suggestions for revisions during the next session of Congress. While all this is going on, one change recently emphasized by Rep. Edith Nourse Rogers (R., Mass.) should not be ignored.

Describing the present $600 Federal income tax exemption for dependents as "tragically inadequate," Mrs. Rogers urged that Congress raise the exemption to $1000 next year. This is a recommendation we heartily second, even though we are dubious about the general idea of cutting taxes at this time in view of the heavy spending necessary for national security. But a revision of the tax structure which would make the weight fall a little easier on families would be in keeping with the sound tradition of taxation based on ability to pay, and by helping families with children such a change would directly serve the national interest. Our society already imposes too many penalties on family life, and the present exemption is obviously highly unrealistic, since $600 comes nowhere near the normal annual expense of caring for a child.

Raising the exemption rate on dependents to $1000 would be no cure-all; families in the lower brackets of American economic life, for example, would not be aided by the change, since their earnings are too low for income tax revision to help them. Underlying the whole problem of family life in this country is the fact that those sections of the population which are economically best able to care for children are simply not reproducing themselves. As a consequence, a disproportionately large share of the next generation's citizens receives the kind of diet, housing, medical care and education associated with low income groups. But if raising the level of income tax exemption will not solve this basic problem in U.S. life, the change would help lower middle-class families considerably. As such, it is at least a step in the right direction.

COMPROMISE AND SHOWDOWN

THE Bermuda Conference was a road junction of sorts: a time when the contrasting views of Britain, France and the United States coalesced into a new statement on atomic control and the Cold War, and Allied policy was set for the coming Big Four meeting in Berlin.

In Washington, the opposite was occurring: a parting of the ways between internationalist and neo-isolationist forces in the Republican party. Mr. Eisenhower and Senator McCarthy clearly agreed on their central disagreement, and despite the latter's professions of love for the President (an "honorable man," although misguided), it seemed unlikely that even all the Congress' horses and men could mend the pieces together again.

The Republican internal fight can hardly help but continue through the coming election year, spreading from a competition in fan mail to legislative battle, unless Mr. Eisenhower capitulates to the McCarthy demands. The struggle is for the soul of the Republican party: it is a struggle over whether we are to continue to worry over the fate of Europe; whether we are to defend the conditions of democracy throughout the world—or create a Fortress America. Fortunately, Mr. Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles would seem at last to have admitted the impossibility of compromising points of view which are mutually exclusive.

The internal fight and the external conference are thus linked, and the British and French must feel as involved in the Washington struggle as in the Bermuda decisions.

But the external problem is not so easily defined. At this writing the final communique on the Bermuda conference has not been issued, and the President has not yet spoken before the United Nations. Indications are, however, that there will be important statements on the subject of atomic controls and Cold War agreements. It would seem that both must be made, even though the fundamental issues between Russia and the West are not changed and will not be changed by them. Public opinion in Europe demands at least a gesture. Reports from within Russia tell of increasing economic difficulties and indicate a remote possibility that the Russians might be willing to compromise (not to surrender as the neo-isolationist would demand, but possibly to make a significant alteration of their position). Hence the gesture must come. The Big Three are in this the captives of public opinion. And, in a way, that may work for the best; for if the Russians are indeed immovable, the gesture will remove a few more illusions from the people of the Western nations.

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What Is "Natural"?

THE REQUIREMENTS OF WHAT WE CALL THE "NATURAL LAW" ARE ALWAYS RUNNING COUNTER TO WHAT WE REGARD AS "NATURAL." WHY?

GERALD VANN

FEW confusions are more common, or more perplexing, than the confusion between two quite different uses of the word "natural;" yet both uses are valid enough if rightly understood; and the distinction between them is a very simple one.

On the one hand, we are always saying, or hearing it said, that this or that action, though not commendable, is "natural enough" or "only natural." It is only natural for people to lose their tempers or their heads sometimes, only natural if occasionally they oversleep or overeat, only natural if sometimes they let this or that passion get the better of them. What does the phrase mean? It means, in effect, only to be expected. And why is it to be expected? Because that, to use another common phrase, is "only human nature" *as we know it*. But what is the human nature that we know in everyday experience? It is, in the language of Catholic theology, *fallen* human nature.

Fallen human nature means human nature, not as it was created by God, not as it was intended to be by God, but as it exists now, warped and twisted by evil. It is not wholly evil—far from it; but the evil tendencies are there, as we all know from our own experience; in our better moments we realize that we ought to be conquering them, integrating the energies which find an outlet in evil actions into the organic unity of the good life; but again and again we fail, or we forget altogether even to try, and then nature-as-we-know-it has its way.

On the other hand, we hear a great deal about the requirements of what is called the Natural Law; and these requirements are always running counter to what in fact we regard as "natural" in the first sense. Why? Because the nature we are here concerned with is not the fallen nature of man, but the nature of man *in itself*.

Before attempting to elaborate this, let us clear away another source of confusion. The word "law," too, is ambiguous. In Britain the law bids you drive to the left: it could perfectly well be changed tomorrow. In Britain the law enacts that bars must be closed except at certain restricted hours; it could perfectly well be changed tomorrow—and if we were more enlightened and civilized than we are it would be. These are cases of what is called *positive* law: an authority *lays down* the law, creates it. No human authority, however, can lay down or create the laws of physics: all that man can do is to try to discover them. For these laws are not decisions made by man: they are statements of the way things in fact work, the way things *are*.

Now, the Natural Law is of this latter kind. It does not tell us about things which are right because they are commanded or wrong because they are forbidden: it tells us about things which are commanded or forbidden because, in themselves, they are right or wrong. And why are they right or wrong in themselves? Because that is the way things are: that is the pattern, not indeed of human nature as we know it, but of human nature in itself.

We return then to this idea of nature in itself. Let us start with an artifact, for here there is no ambiguity of terms. What is the nature of a razor? You have your answer if you can concoct a *definition*: let us say, roughly, a razor is a steel instrument with finely sharpened edge, capable of shaving the hair from the skin. At once it becomes obvious that, if that is its nature, it would be unnatural to use a razor in order to try to hack through an iron bar. In the same way it would be unnatural to keep (or to try to keep) a cat in a pond, or alternatively, a fish in a cage.

AND what of man? Here we have a ready-made definition which has come down to us through the ages: man is a rational animal. Now that is not altogether a satisfactory definition of man-as-we-know-him, because man-as-we-know-him is often an extremely irrational animal. But it does give us the essentials about the nature of man in itself: man is a psychophysical being, an animal capable of rational thought. And as a razor fulfils its definition perfectly when it is a good razor and gives you a perfect shave, so man fulfils his definition, his nature, perfectly when

Father Vann is an English Dominican. His books include "The Divine Pity," "The High Green Hill," and "Morals Makyth Man."

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he is a good mind-animal—a sound and healthy body expressing and obeying a wise and balanced mind.

It may be noted in passing that if you have a razor which in fact has been used to hack an iron bar you have something not unlike human nature-as-we-know-it. And what the Natural Law tells us, states for us, is simply this: that if we use our human nature in this way or that way we shall in fact end up like the blunt and jagged razor; whereas if we use it in these other ways we shall end up by resembling in some degree the perfect razor in as much as we shall have at our disposal an instrument capable of achieving the perfect fulfilment of our purpose, our destiny as rational animals. (This will not in fact, of course, be achieved without redemption and the grace of God.)

Most people seem to be ready to agree that such things as cruelty (an "unnatural mother"), the degrading of human beings by torture, drugs, a sort of diabolical travesty of psychiatry, and so on are unnatural: the confusion between the two uses of the term does not worry them there, though in fact these things are, alas, to be expected of fallen nature. Where the confusion seems to cause the greatest perplexity is in the realm of sexual ethics, especially in an age which bases its arguments or its prejudices so largely on statistical evidence. (What is needed is a good deal less statistics and a good deal more hard logical thinking.) "Everybody does it," people say, fresh from their reading of this or that Report, "so it *must* be natural."

This, of course, is to make confusion worse confounded. All that the statistician as such can do is to tell us what is or is not *normal*: the moment he begins to tell us what is or is not *natural* he goes beyond his chosen terms of reference. The normal is a purely statistical concept: it is simply what the great majority of people do or are. It is normal to have five fingers on the hand, to have eyes of the same color, and so on. But it is dangerous, to say the least, to try to argue from the normal to the natural. In most times and places through the world's history, for example, it has been normal for men to be heterosexual; but there have in fact been times and places in which it was normal for them to be homosexual. It is best, then, to leave statistics, to leave the normal, out of account in this context, and to concentrate on what is or is not natural.

In what sense is it "natural" for men and women to indulge in extra-marital sexual adventures? In a sense already defined, it is only to be expected of our fallen nature. But what is interesting is this: in exactly the same way dishonesty, cowardice, lying, cruelty are equally to be expected of our fallen nature, yet no one argues that because these things are thus "natural" they are therefore permissible or good.

What is the reason? Presumably because we have gotten so thoroughly into the quite unChristian habit of mind which identifies immorality with sexual sin, that we feel a need to justify or excuse our sexual vagaries but not our other immoralities. (Dishonesty? The question is, can you get away with it. Cowardice? There are the conventions of course; one must not run away from the battlefield, but if I shirk a private duty because I'm a moral coward it's nobody's affair but mine.) In what sense, then, is promiscuity unnatural? In this sense: Human love, of its nature, is such that it can never reach its perfection except as the result of a long, gradual process of discovery and of fusion, a process in which sex has its essential part to play, but sex as an element in the total dedication, fidelity, loyalty, steadfastness, of the two personalities to each other.

To act according to human nature means to respect human nature; but that in its turn means to respect all the various elements which go to make up human nature in its psychophysical unity. It is this which throws light on what is perhaps the most common example, in this sort of context, of the confusion we have been considering: the question of the use of contraceptives by married people. No one with any sense or sensibility will deny that for hosts of people today, unable for one cogent reason or another to have more children, the following of the law in this respect implies a burden, a hardship, of appalling severity. Why then is it the law? It is not the Church's law, in the sense of being a law of the Church's devising: the Church states, and abides by, the Natural Law. Why then is it the Natural Law?

HERE we return to the razor. When we say respect for human nature we say respect for all the elements which make up human nature. Therefore we say respect for the functions and organs of human sex. But human sex, because it is human, exists, so to speak, on more than one level: it is biological, as in all animals; it is personal, an instrument in the making of love, as it is *not* in all animals. Therefore we must respect both levels. We cannot, without being unnatural, use it as a purely animal function, a purely bodily pleasure in which the heart is in no way involved. On the other hand, we cannot, without being unnatural, treat it purely as love-making without respect for its biological level.

There is, in this context, the old, stale gibe about the safe-period—that the Church forbids contrivances but permits contrivance. It may be a clever debating-point, but it shows a complete failure to grasp the principle of the thing. You do not maltreat the razor by not using it at all, but only by using it in a way which destroys its purpose. You do not maltreat the biological function of sex by not using it (i.e. by

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intercourse at a time when the biological function is probably infertile) but by using it in a way which destroys the purpose of that function. And that this latter is indeed unnatural in the strict sense is made clearer by such collateral arguments as the fact that so many people find it in practice to be aesthetically repugnant, and repugnant also in a deeply personal sense—an interference with the freedom and spontaneity and generosity of love.

Another example of the same confusion is found in the question of homosexuality. People talk about "unnatural vices," but the invert will argue—and again quite rightly if the terms are rightly understood—that what would be unnatural for him would be heterosexual intercourse. (It is to be hoped that at long last a little more light is being thrown on this matter, and that the foolish and wicked advice so often given by priests and doctors alike, to "find a good Catholic girl and marry her" is less often heard.) Homosexual intercourse of one sort or another is indeed, for the invert, according to *his*-nature-as-*he*-knows-it: why then should it be wrong? Because, once again, it is not according to the nature of sex as such: it destroys the biological purpose.

But, people will argue, finally: there is plenty of evidence of homosexual practices among animals; and you must surely admit that the animal world is natural in your sense: animals at any rate do not sin against the Natural Law. No, animals do not sin; but, alas, they are not left unscathed by sin. Nature "red in tooth and claw" is warped and twisted too. So Saint Paul speaks of the whole of creation groaning and in travail.

It is a great pity that Catholics talk so much about "moral laws" when in fact they mean these statements of the facts of human nature as such; for it too often means in practice that they think of these laws as arbitrary dispositions, which in consequence, sometimes at least, in hard cases, ought to be modified or dispensed with. There are cases where the fact that two and two make four and not five is extremely hard; but you cannot for all that change the nature of things. The same is true with these moral principles—the great fundamental principles from which all moral theorizing and all practical judgments have in the last resort to proceed.

The Church cannot unsay the Ten Commandments. What is so desperately needed today is an understanding and sympathy on the part of those who represent the Church towards the often intolerable burdens which unnatural circumstances, economic and otherwise, place on the shoulders of those who are trying their best to keep the Commandments and who therefore, if they fail, need encouragement rather than censure, and who, if they succeed, must often be regarded as having achieved heroic sanctity.

FROM SYRIA

The Battle Against Time

Damascus

THE strong man in this ancient country is a forty-four-year-old army general named Adib Shishakli. Shishakli came to power by the last of the recurrent *coups d'etat* which have given Syria some eighteen governments since 1947. The time-for-a-change mood which swept over America last year seems in recent times to have been carried to something of an extreme in this part of the world. But it is abating now in Syria, and the Shishakli regime, which has already held the reins for two years, is a comparative model of stability.

From the beginning of the present regime Shishakli has been top dog, but he remained modestly in the background until last September when he was officially elected President. There is a general feeling here that the elections were no more scrupulously democratic than Shishakli's regime itself is. To call Shishakli's Syria fascist would be an exaggeration, but certainly the present government is far from a model of freedom. There are no rival political parties functioning openly here; criticism of the regime does not generally appear in the press; and the whole atmosphere is charged with tension. Not terror but caution is the word for it, I would say. It is as if the regime actually believes in democracy but is not quite ready to give it its head, like a nervous parent who has a key made for his son but still says, "Be home by ten."

Shishakli, though, has a strong base of support in the army and among the simple people, who are more interested in stability than in political adventures. He has also benefited from the fact that the Syrian electorate, not unlike many of its Western neighbors, tends to follow political personalities rather than party programs. General Shishakli, a soft-spoken soldier with an air of extreme competence, has an engaging public personality. Just about every seasoned politico in Syria takes a dim view of his regime but the opposition is neither deeply intense nor effectively organized.

AMBIGUOUSLY enough, the Western alliance against Communism benefits from the fact that opposition to Shishakli's less-than-democratic government is still only half-hearted. So fragmentary is the opposition that it is generally recognized that if Shis-

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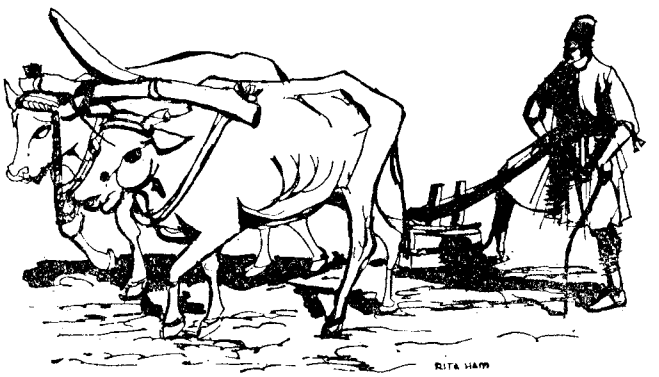
hakli were to fall, it is extremely unlikely that he would be succeeded by a regime able to maintain order in Syria. In that case, of course, it is almost a sure thing that the friends of Communism would move in to fill the vacuum.

Shishakli himself believes in full cooperation with the West, though he cannot be as outspoken about Syria's pro-U.S. policies as he might like to be. Like other Arab leaders who want to work with the U.S., he is handicapped by the popular feeling in this part of the world against America's pro-Israel policy and its embarrassing support of France's old fashioned colonial treatment of the Arabs in North Africa.

Actually, no Arab leader who values his personal popularity can afford to seem very favorable to America's larger aims and purposes, however much he may agree with them. Anti-Israel feeling here is at least as universal, obsessive and intense as anti-Communist sentiment in America, and the U. S., *vis-à-vis* the Israeli question, is regarded with about as much affection as the fellow traveler receives in, say, Catholic War Veterans circles.



Political and military leaders among the Arabs are well aware of the danger from Communism but will continue to have a hard time making the masses of people see that their concern is even pertinent as long as some seven or eight hundred thousand Arab refugees languish in camps. (The number is at least that, though estimates run as high as a million.) In the popular mind the pitiful condition of these refugees is directly due to aggression on the part of Israel: an aggression, they will tell you, that received the blessing of Washington, the most articulate anti-Communist government in the world. Their position is often summed up this way: "If we were attacked by Russia, we would get Western help. We know that. But we *were* attacked by the Zionists. They moved in, and drove peaceful Arabs out of their homes. They still refuse to abide by even minimal UN resolutions. *This* is our problem here and now—not Communism. We will take America more seriously on the Communist question when America takes us more seriously on the Israeli question."

It is almost impossible to exaggerate Arab bitterness against America's role on the Israel question. This mood, of course, does not escape Communist propagandists in the Middle East. In the cases where there have been riotous demonstrations against U.S. Information Centers and even violent mob action, it has been shrewdly and profitably exploited by the Reds. In Damascus not long ago a bomb was exploded in the USIS center. One person was killed, and there would have been others except for fact that the violence occurred on Sunday. Just a year ago the USIS center in Baghdad was completely destroyed by Communist-led mob action. The U.S. mobile film units which go out to the remote villages of the Middle East are frequently attacked. Such incidents illustrate Arab resentment of the U.S. role on Israel, and it is that bitterness rather than any pro-Soviet sympathy which handicaps both American and Arab anti-Communist efforts in this part of the world.

PRESIDENT Shishakli, wearing neat civilian clothes and with none of the usual paraphernalia of a military dictator, received us (Harold E. Fey of the *Christian Century,* Morris Lazaron of the *Jewish Newsletter* and this writer) for an interview during our stay in Damascus. "Interview" is hardly the word. The Syrian President spoke steadily for half an hour and the time given for questioning was very short.

He began by saying that American visitors to the Middle East are usually in such a hurry that most Arabs wonder how they fill out their reports. (This, we have found, is a constant complaint here. Visiting Congressmen speed in and out of the area, and there is a strong suspicion that their reports are based on the sketchiest first impressions.) He went on then to re-state (and this we have heard everywhere) that the Syrians have always had a warm feeling for Americans, whom they long regarded as idealists and beyond any suspicion of imperialist aims. Even now, with bitterness against the U.S. government as strong as it is, people still manage to distinguish between the American people and "the pro-Zionist policies of the U.S. government." But, he asked, who can say how long that distinction will obtain in the popular mind? Like Neguib of Egypt, Shishakli claimed that anti-Zionist sentiment in the Arab world was not rooted in an anti-Semitic attitude. He cited friendly Arab-Jewish relations through the ages in Syria.

(I am inclined to think that however true this may have been in the past, the Israel-Arab problem has now resulted in anti-Jewish attitudes on the part of the Arabs. Life for the Jews remaining here is certainly difficult. Arab-Jewish relations will continue to be embittered for a long time to come. Fine distinctions between Zionists and Jews, it seems to me, simply don't obtain any longer in the popular mind.)

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President Shishakli insisted that Zionist influence in the U. S. was overwhelming and all-pervasive. He knows, he said, that the Arabs, who have consistently received a bad press and are negligible as a force in American politics, cannot compete with the "Zionist propagandists" in the American press, radio, TV and movie industries. But, the President said feelingly, justice is on the Arabs' side and they will not cease to appeal to the conscience of America. "We know we have been depicted as hardly civilized and wilful men by our enemies in America, but we are hoping for a change. If the Eisenhower Administration—for which the Arabs had great hopes—does not change the U.S. attitude on this question, there will be little or no hope for the survival of Syrian good feeling toward America."

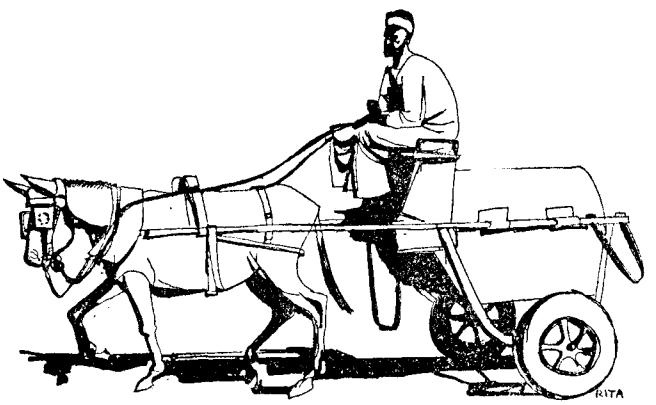
THERE was time for only two questions. Why did Syria—which receives no U.S. aid of any kind—turn down Point Four help? we asked. The President said that Syria was not averse to receiving American help but that the nation had certain immediate problems to solve and did not feel it could divert funds to long-range Point Four projects. It was his opinion, President Shishakli said, that U.S. aid to underdeveloped countries should not be rigidly formulated but vary according to the needs of each place.

We then asked about the recent political instability in Syria. Why so many coups? These changes in government, the President said, were due to the fact that the long years of Turkish and French rule over Syria had created a feudal ruling class. Members of that class were the only ones ready to take over the government when Syria gained its full independence some ten years ago. It was necessary to get rid of them if Syria was ever to know truly popular government.

The Syrians are extremely proud of the progress they have made since gaining their independence, and they are very ready with statistics to show that the rate of advance is immeasurably faster under independence than under foreign imperialistic rule. For instance, there are three Syrian students in the University of Damascus now for every one there under French rule. Since 1945 the number of public schools in the country has doubled. Today so many applications for the secondary schools pour in that most are turned down because of lack of teachers and school facilities. Special normal schools are being provided to meet the urgent teacher shortage, and there is a tremendous emphasis on technical and scientific studies to provide technicians for work in modernizing the country.

Illiteracy is still widespread and agricultural methods throughout the country are yet pitifully primitive and wasteful. In Syria, as throughout the whole Middle East, a small group of educated leaders is trying to do in a short time what was done in the West over a period of many years. Everywhere among these men (many of them graduates of American colleges) you hear the plaint: "We have to race against time. There is so little time, and so much remains to be done." When you ask about the sense of urgency they tell you that the masses have grown weary of living under exploitation, poverty and backwardness while the rest of the world has moved ahead. "What precious liberties a man will sell for the promise of bread when he is hungry enough," one Western-traveled leader told me. "We must find the bread, and soon—or our people will be left without either bread or liberty."

A TREMENDOUS amount of energy and idealism on the part of the new Arab leaders is going into the battle against time. The Arabs are aided by a number of Americans and Europeans who have been stirred by the challenge out here. There are, of course, the Christian missionary educators, both Protestant and



Catholic, and also such non-sectarian groups as the Near East Foundation, which began as an American relief organization after World War I and remained to labor as a social-service agency in Greece, Iran and Syria, working among fairly primitive rural people.

We visited the Foundation's pilot project in a village twenty miles from Damascus. There we saw the group's threefold program in action. A young man in his early twenties, Maggid Ghahler, runs a small-scale demonstration center in the village where he shows the local farmers modern techniques of agriculture, use of insect-spraying apparatus, proper care of poultry, etc. The village was well chosen, and it is a real center. Maggid has won the confidence of the farmers in the twenty-five neighboring villages, though it was not easy, he says. He has now convinced them that some of the new methods are not only easier but far more efficient and productive. It became very clear to us while we were there that the young man, graduate of an agricultural secondary school, was fully accepted as a local leader. It would be hard to match his competence

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and idealism anywhere. A comparative sophisticate, he is eager to live among these simple people, for a small salary, in order to build his country.

The Foundation also conducts a health and sanitation program, with the help of trained native workers, in the remote village. These workers fight malaria and strive to control other indigenous diseases. Since they began their work, the disease rate has fallen sharply. The native midwives are instructed in sanitation and more scientific medical methods, and the appalling infant mortality rate has been drastically cut.

The third aspect of the program is home-making. A group of girls are trained in proper cooking, cleanliness, etc., at a model native home, under conditions the same as they will later face as wives and mothers.

This grass-roots work struck me more forcefully than any of the projects being led by Americans in Syria. There was a simplicity, cheerfulness and clear sense of dedication among these Near East Foundation people which gave distinction to all their efforts. Seeing them at work with their native associates, I was proud that they were my countrymen. Such people, I am convinced, are America's best representatives abroad. They do more for peace in the world than all the frenzied anti-Communist orators put together. If one thing has become clear to me in this part of the world it is that anti-Communism, here where the chips are down, costs more than words. It means sacrifice, dedication and plain hard work. For the fact is, as Arab spokesmen like Charles Malik never tire of telling us, the West has an Idea, and it is this Idea which will make all the difference here where newly free people are looking for a new way of life. In the past the Middle East saw the West at its worst. The West meant imperialism, power-politics, shameful indifference to human needs. The only way the Idea of the West can be sold now is by deeds. The Arabs are weary of words.

In this area of the world, forty million people have their fingers crossed. They are still largely uncommitted in the struggle between Communism and freedom. They have known the West, and their memories are bitter. But, thanks to our missionaries and to dedicated people like the Near East Foundation personnel, they have always had glimpses of the true Idea and its consequences. I think the Arabs are still ready to throw in their lot with the West, despite the disillusions of the past. But this time they want to be sure that it is really the Idea they will get and not hollow hypocrisy. In the meantime the Soviets are at their back door ready to profit by every instance of Western stupidity, double-dealing or double-talk. Anti-Communism must be more than rhetoric here. It must be the real thing. The cheap and shoddy won't do. It's either the West at its best or not at all.

JOHN COGLEY.

FROM ITALY

The Uses Of Crisis

Trieste

WHEN the government of Giuseppe Pella was formed after the Italian elections in June, nobody considered it more than a provisional government, and it was nicknamed "the holiday government." The big shots in the Christian democratic party preferred to remain in the background and let Pella, as a "technician," take care of current affairs as long as he could. They wanted to spare themselves for the great parliamentary debates expected in the autumn. No one imagined that Pella, not a politician, could succeed in forming a stable government on the slim Christian Democratic majority where DeGasperi, the ablest and most ingenious political leader of them all, had failed. Pella started out unobtrusively, trying to be friendly with everyone, and the political leaders of all parties confidently went off on their vacations.

What they did not anticipate was a blow-up on the Trieste issue, which in its anti-Tito aspect is the only issue on which practically all Italians from extreme left to extreme right are united. The Christian Democrats see Tito as a persecutor of the Church. The opposition of the right sees him usurping Italy's only natural and defensible border to the East, the so-called Littorio Line which follows the mountains northwards from Fiume. For the Italian Communists, Tito remains the dangerous apostate and traitor. When the Allies decided to hand Trieste over to Italy, Tito reacted violently, and the Italian and Yugoslav troops moved to the border. Overnight, Pella's provisional government grew stronger; what the able DeGasperi had been unable to accomplish was achieved like child's play through an appeal to Italian nationalism.

The growing appeal of nationalism represents quite a new trend in Italy; or rather it is an old trend, but one which most people thought gone with Mussolini's Fascism. Italians usually are less nationalistic than their neighbors. Italian emigrants easily change nationality, and the Italian popes during the last centuries have generally proved to be above a narrow, nationalistic outlook. But the Trieste affair provided one clear sign that on this score things are changing in Italy. Pella's success was based solely on raising the Trieste issue—raising the issue quite without regard to how it is finally to be settled, if it needs settlement at all.

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MOST political observers have overlooked the fundamental fact that the Trieste issue is already settled *tant bien que mal,* partly through the Yugoslavian occupation of Zone B, and partly because of the impossibility of creating a Free State. If a foreign observer should in turn visit Italy, Trieste Zone A, Zone B, and Yugoslavia, he would find that there is no difference between Zone B and the rest of Yugoslavia, so thoroughly has it been incorporated into Yugoslavia, and on the other hand he would see practically no difference between the city of Trieste (Zone A) and any other Italian city, so exceedingly discreet is the Allied occupation of the zone (which is already largely run by Italian administrators).

These facts explain why the inhabitants of Trieste itself, both Slovenes and Italians, are much less excited than the Italians of the peninsula or the Yugoslavs of Zagreb or Belgrade. Although Trieste is suffering economically from the tension between Italy and Yugoslavia, most of its residents realize that the fuss is largely over academic questions, and results from the dispute's influence on internal politics not only in Italy but in Yugoslavia. They realize that Trieste has become a sort of strong and useful medicine for both the governments in Rome and Belgrade.

The interesting thing is that it has been quite as useful for Tito as for Pella. The internal divisions in Yugoslavia are of quite a different order and size than in Italy, but they are present-day Yugoslavia's great weakness. First of all, there are the so-called "horizontal divisions": the primitive hatreds between the different peoples of Yugoslavia, hatreds which a Westerner finds difficult to comprehend but which might suddenly explode without reason. Not more than eight years ago Croats exterminated Serbs by the thousands and Serbs exterminated Croats in the same way, with inconceivable cruelty, sparing neither women nor chil-

dren. The same primitive hatreds exist among Bosnians, Macedonians, and Slovenes. And as if these were not sufficient, there are religious divisions between the Catholic Croats and Slovenes, the Greek Orthodox Serbs and Bosnians, and the Moslem minorities sprinkled through the southern parts of the country. Official Yugoslav propaganda claims that these savage rivalries have been abolished by the magic stroke of Communism. But they smolder under the ashes; particularly as Tito makes more concessions to the West, bringing into play the so-called "vertical divisions."

The hard core of Communist veterans within Tito's party and army (where they represent practically all of the officers) has been in a state of crisis ever since Tito broke with the USSR. They have doubts about the party line, and they realize that in the long run they have little future with the West. Each time Tito makes a new concession to the West, he tries to calm them by saying the move is in reality another step forward toward the ideal Communist society, but they are naturally assailed by doubt. When Tito warns his people against the "fascist threat," the "Vatican warmongers," and even, recently, against the "false Anglo-Saxon friends," however, he is in line with the old party slogans; his Communist veterans are reassured, and Croats forget their hatred for the Serbs, and *vice-versa,* in their common excitement—for a while.

Then there is, of course, the importance always attached to Trieste by Tito. During the war no other operation was as carefully prepared by Tito and his partisans as the capture of Trieste, although the Communists had fewer followers among the Trieste Slovenes than among the other peoples of Yugoslavia. After the capture, his troops had to make a humiliating withdrawal under the menace of General Alexander's British guns. Since that time, Tito has had to give up territorial claims on Austrian, Greek and Albanian territory. Only his claim on Trieste remains. Or, as the inhabitants of Trieste used to say: He has a Trieste complex. This is quite independent of the fact that Trieste is much more important economically to the Yugoslavs than it is to the Italians.

A definite agreement on Trieste would mean for Italians and Yugoslavs the loss of the only issue on which both nations are united—against each other. So far the issue has proved useful to both; at the same time it has proved to be a terrible handicap to the defense of Southern Europe.

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

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THE STAGE

SABRINA FAIR

A FINE company has given "Sabrina Fair" so thin and hard a glaze of luxury that one is dismayed —on scraping off the glamorous theatrical wax —to find the work itself of such paltry and conventional proportions. It is pertinent to note that, in several quarters, Mr. Samuel Taylor's play has met with critical favor: its decorous language, the expensive, lacquered society it portrays, and Mr. Taylor's civilized trifling with the sword of the spirit have drawn for the piece some esteem as a contemporary comedy of manners. This confusion of wish and actuality shows, of course, a certain touching pathos, but to join in it would be lamentable: there seems to me, in short, small place for "Sabrina Fair" in that arcade down which Shaw, Sheridan, Wilde, Congreve, Maugham—or even Philip Barry and S. N. Behrman—have made a stately parade.

An unfair competition? Possibly, but "Sabrina Fair" has snared a success they rarely achieve: something alone sufficient to provoke one's disagreement. Mr. Taylor sets his fable spinning agreeably with the return of a North Shore Cinderella to her palace overlooking Long Island Sound. She is Sabrina, the chauffeur's daughter, named for the nymph in Milton's *Comus,* and a Fairy Godmother—in this case, Democracy—has translated her to glory with the wand of an ECA post in Paris. But midnight will come, and Cinderella must return to a life where she is no longer the heiress of all the ages but only a young lady of the provinces, modest and mildly charming, who must remember to keep her hat on while talking to the mistress of the house, and who will have for luncheon some of the slightly stale cake of yesterday's party.

Mr. Taylor is at his most interesting in these moments: Sabrina leaning on the garden wall, idly watching the dancers drift by, creates a theatrical image of unexpected pathos: faintly it echoes young Gatsby rowing out to the opulent yacht, or Daisy Miller suffering without knowledge on the fringes of Roman society. But from this point of perception, the decline is abrupt: into a tangle of fugitive "ideas," whimsical and ultimately meaningless literary allusions, a humor which increasingly blunts its edge, and finally—when Prince Charming at last surrenders, and the glass slipper turns into solid gold—pure farce.

How then, in this state of exasperation, is one to judge "Sabrina Fair": as a scheme insufficiently developed, but with some claim to attention as a provocative comedy of American society, or rather as a very subtle counterfeit, shrewdly cut to the cloth of popular illusion? I suspect the latter, for two reasons. First, for all the array of pomp and circumstance, the play seems to me to show very small positive or authentic elegance: its language is brittle and complex, without spirit or zest; epigrams are aimed ironically at a blank target; the society portrayed has a cold glitter, but no weight or solidity. Style is here neither a way of feeling or acting, but largely a piquant imposition. Secondly, and of more serious consequence, "Sabrina Fair" irritates because it displays so casual a regard for the *cost* of social distinctions in America, the facts of money and prestige. Mr. Taylor is content, in a bemused fashion, to toy with the pretensions of his gilded set because he holds the third-act wand which will finally, in the approved democratic manner, make his heroine *just as good as they are!* Nor does respect for the engaging sensibility of Sabrina move Mr. Taylor to define her life with an extreme honesty. He gives her the best of two worlds, a fatal generosity which entails the ultimate loss of both.

Miss Margaret Sullavan's playing of Sabrina shares some of the defects of the play: it is energetic but unfocused, a little breathy and overstated. One is conscious of a pervading sense of strain—an emotional pitch sustained without variety until the outlines of the character go soft and vague. In the main, Miss Sullavan's taste for roles in a vein of melancholy sensibility seems to me to display her to superior interest. Mr. Joseph Cotten is an actor of spiky masculine charm: given his ability to create first-rate men of independence and complexity, it is rather a pity the materials here at hand were so sketchy. Cathleen Nesbitt and John Cromwell give the play much of its aristocratic ambience, and Luella Gear something of its tart flavor. But "Sabrina Fair" itself is agreeably featureless. It is currently being filmed, with Miss Audrey Hepburn in the title role, and will probably be released as "The Chauffeur's Daughter." When last heard from, Miss Hepburn was trying to decide between Humphrey Bogart and William Holden. Mr. Taylor had his own suggestions, of course, but the script-writers are not at all sure they agree. (*At the National.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

PRETTY BUT EMPTY

EXPECTING their customers to be in a festive mood, the movie makers frequently choose this time of year to release their big musical comedies. This December's crop, while complete with stars and luscious color, hits a new low in thinness of plots.

Esther Williams, bubbling with good will and good health, has a natural charm that fills her spectators with well-being. Just watching her swim in the elaborate water-ballets in "Easy to Love" is a pleasure,

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but the problems confronting the girl during the course of the story aren't likely to interest you very much or make you concerned about Esther's welfare. It's true that her boss, who owns and runs a watering hole down in Florida known as Cypress Gardens, overworks Esther by making her type as well as swim, pose for ads and further the cause of oranges, but the real puzzlement—in regard to selecting a husband—is of her own making. Lined up in the competition to win Esther are: John Bromfield, her well-built swimming partner who offers to take her away from all this drudgery in Florida to his father's oil well in Texas; Tony Martin, a singer who appreciates her talents and offers her a better job in New York; Van Johnson, her hard-working boss who has some unexplained attraction for the girl and who probably offers, along with Cypress Gardens, more swimming, water-skiing and oranges. In between snatches of this plot are some super-duper swimming numbers and some songs.

TONY Martin's in "Here Come the Girls" too, but the role is hardly an honorable one: he sings and plays the lead in the show-within-the-movie, and Arlene Dahl is his true love, but he and almost everyone else in the cast play a dirty trick on Bob Hope who is used as a decoy to draw the knife of Jack-the-Slasher. As "the world's oldest living chorus boy," Hope has a role that is made to order for him, and as a bumbling performer who will probably never rise from the chorus, he pulls all his best feats of clowning. However, the plot has such a marked streak of cruelty in making this naive boob the target for a knife meant for Arlene's boyfriend that it's a little different to enjoy the jokes—even the funny ones. The picture has some amusing song-and-dance numbers and it also has the talents of Rosemary Clooney who knows how to handle a good tune. Set as it is in 1900, "Here Come the Girls" is as disappointing as a period piece as it is as a comedy. Hope fans, for whom their hero can do no wrong, will no doubt rally anyway.

DONALD O'Connor is one of my favorites, and I am likely to be over-enthusiastic about any picture in which he dances and sings but I have to admit that the story in "Walking My Baby Back Home" is very slight indeed; in fact there is almost no story. There are only some vague ideas that never jell about an ex-GI who decides to keep his band together after the war and then runs into trouble with his socialite family who expect him to sing opera. But the film is well loaded with songs, some old, some new, and Donald with his deft style makes the most of his opportunities.

I SUPPOSE "Three Sailors and a Girl" hoped to be another "On the Town," but the poor thing missed very badly indeed. With some good material, Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson and Jack E. Leonard could be amusing as three gobs who want to put on a show. This picture hardly gives them a chance; and as the girl who is their inspiration, Jane Powell sings well enough but lacks the vivacious personality to make them soak their shipmates' fifty grand in her show. More persuasive is Sam Levene as a Damon Runyon sort of theatrical producer who could talk almost anyone into almost anything. He also steals practically every scene he is in. The only way in which "Three Sailors and a Girl" distinguishes itself is by having the most uncinematic scene ever to appear in a musical film: Jane sings a solo in a taxi crowded with Sam and the three sailors.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE ROSENBERG CASE

Salt Lake City, Utah.

TO the Editors: In The Commonweal of August 14 there was published an article by Robert Barrat in which he expressed frank disapproval of the conviction and execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. He stated what was called "The French View." I now wish to state, through The Commonweal's columns, what I designate as "An American View."

Let me point out to begin with that M. Barrat's criticism of the termination of the Rosenberg case goes beyond a regret that mercy was not shown. There were other persons, both here and abroad, who had hoped and asked for clemency. They feared that the execution would stir up resentment in other countries and would give the Communists a welcomed opportunity for their hypocritical complaints. They were of the opinion that the granting of clemency would do only good. This point of view, however, regardless of how sound or unsound it may be, is not pertinent to M. Barrat's criticism, for the all-sufficient reason that it was not merely mercy that he asked, it was justice. In other words, along with many of his fellow countrymen, he decided that the Rosenbergs were innocent.

Throughout his article there are convincing indications that he fails completely to understand us Americans. It may be well for us to indicate that we cannot understand him. That Frenchmen, reading merely press accounts of a trial in this country, considered themselves capable of passing a verdict contrary to that of our courts is a truly remarkable phenomenon. We cannot understand how they can consider themselves more honorable than our judges or more sensitive to the

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demands of justice. We cannot credit them with being better students of criminal law or of being more capable of interpreting testimony in American courts. And so we are amazed when they elevate themselves to a pedestal of judicial omniscience.

In his criticism M. Barrat referred to an article published in the New York *Times,* in which the author presented what he considered to be valuable evidence in favor of the Rosenbergs. M. Barrat was deeply impressed by this article; so also were his fellow citizens, the article having been reprinted throughout France. Assuming for the moment that the article presented valid and relevant testimony, does he imagine for a moment that the judges of our courts had ignored it? Or does he think that they could not comprehend its contents? May I ask, also, if he happened to read the statement of the defense attorney which was made immediately after the close of the trial in the lower court? In this statement the defense attorney said that his clients had had an eminently fair trial. Was this statement copied in the French papers and carried to the French people?

We can understand that Christians in France, as well as other countries, were disturbed by the Rosenberg case. The French have Communists in their midst, far too many for national security. The Communists are trying by all the diabolical devices in their repertoire to seize control of France and destroy her. We can understand, therefore, M. Barrat's fears that the execution of the Rosenbergs, giving the Communists an occasion for a new outburst of fury, would make more difficult France's dealing with them. We can understand, furthermore, that as the result of such fears M. Barrat hoped that the Rosenbergs would be acquitted, or, at least, that the sentence would be commuted to imprisonment. Up to this point we can go along with him. But he does not stop there; he went far beyond and pronounced a judicial verdict. From fears and hopes it is a long step, and one wholly illogical, to pass over into the realm of justice. Yet M. Barrat took that step boldly, declaring to the world that he believed the Rosenbergs to be innocent. It is precisely at this point that we must part company. There is no possible reconciliation between his thinking and ours.

In his article M. Barrat noted that we Americans have confidence in our courts. His words are: "We are told that the American public has absolute confidence in the judicial system and remained comparatively indifferent to the outcome of the case. But such is not the French view." Use of the word "absolute" makes his statement too strong. No one of us would pretend that our judges are infallible. It is more correct to say that in criminal cases we have a practical confidence in the final decisions of our courts, so much so that we accept their decisions as the best that can be reached by human tribunals. We know that every possible effort is made to safeguard the rights of the accused. He is presumed innocent until proved guilty, the burden of the proof being wholly with the prosecution. We know, furthermore, that after a man's conviction in a lower court full opportunity is given him to register complaints, to ask for a new trial, and to appeal to higher courts. Even after a sentence for punishment has been pronounced he may be able to find grounds for requesting a delay. After all his appeals have been weighed by a higher court and a final decision is handed down, we do not doubt the justice of that decision. Even if our own private opinions originally had been different, we would hesitate to express a protest. With at least a modicum of humility we recognize that the courts are better informed about the merits of the case than we as private citizens are and better qualified to make the decision.

M. Barrat says that this is not the "French view." Presumably he expects us to form an opinion about the guilt or innocence of the accused in each important case and then, if the higher courts decide contrarily, to raise a storm of indignant protest. In the Rosenberg case, evidently he expected us, as private citizens, to decide that the accused persons were innocent. He expected, furthermore, after the final decision of guilt had been reached, that we would demand in vehement protestations that the convicted persons be released. Perhaps that is the way he would have acted in France. That is his business, not ours; it is not for us to instruct him about how to regard his courts. By the same token, however, and for the sake of mutual respect, it would be well for him not to instruct us about how to regard our courts.

In his article M. Barrat reproaches us for the "stays of execution" and the delays in the Rosenberg case. Is it impossible for him to understand, as we do, that the stays of execution were requested by the defendants and were granted in order to give them every possible opportunity to expose a mistake in their conviction? Far from complaining about these delays, the purpose of which he completely misrepresents, he should applaud them as indicative of a sincere desire to avoid injustice.

In a criminal case in the United States the machinery of justice moves slowly. Nowhere else in the world are so many opportunities given a defendant to ask for new trials, to appeal for rehearings, to present one technical excuse after another, and to find his way eventually to the highest court. We hold to this procedure, slow though it is. We would not change it, the reason being that we wish to use every reasonable precaution to save an innocent person. We much prefer that a dozen guilty criminals be freed than to condemn even one person who is innocent. To most observers in other countries, our judicial procedure appears too slow and cumbersome. All we can ask is that they try

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to understand our extreme desire not to punish the innocent. And as for M. Barrat and his fellow citizens in France who have condemned us for doing what we so studiously try to avoid, we insist that they should examine our judicial procedure before undertaking to pass judgment upon it.

Are they aware that, in the Rosenbergs' case, pleas in their behalf were heard and considered sixteen times by the Southern District Court of New York, seven times by the Second Court of Appeals, and seven times by the Supreme Court of the United States? Every conceivable pretext for a rehearing which the defendants' attorneys could find and invent was brought before our courts and listened to with patience. Where else in the world can such a record be matched? And yet M. Barrat expressed surprise that we Americans had confidence in the judgment which was ultimately reached, so much so that we have remained "comparatively indifferent."

M. Barrat judges that we were less interested in the primary question of innocence or guilt than in finding victims upon whom to wreak vengeance. The vehemence of his reproof reaches the climax of rash judgment when he asserts that Frenchmen "believe that they [the Rosenbergs] were expiatory victims who were handed over to satisfy a public impatient to be rid of its own anti-Communist fears and bad conscience." That is a terrible indictment of the American people, and as false as it is terrible. M. Barrat could not have gone farther away from the truth if he had deliberately set out to do so. In fact, M. Barrat is the "victim"; in his eager credulity he has allowed himself to be imposed upon and grossly deceived.

Let me assure him that there was no excitement among the American people generally about the Rosenberg case. What excitement there was came from the Communists and their sympathizers, a small but vociferous group of agitators who saw from the first that the case presented them with a splendid opportunity to stir up resentment against us among people like the French. For the most part, our people here remained calm and undisturbed, being quite content to leave the whole subject to the courts, where it belonged. Most assuredly we did not suffer from a "bad conscience."

In one paragraph M. Barrat stated that if there had been a general election in France within forty-eight hours after the execution of the Rosenbergs the Communist vote would have risen by ten per cent. In other words, he judged that the French people were so emotionally disturbed that many thousands of them would have turned to Communism as the only way at the moment of satisfying their bitter hatred for the United States. I sincerely trust that M. Barrat has misjudged his fellow countrymen. I trust that they are better balanced, more politically stable, more honorable, and more Christian, than his accusation indicates. If not, the only appropriate observation is: May God help France.

(*Most Rev.*) DUANE G. HUNT,
Bishop of Salt Lake City.

EDUCATION IN THE PARISH

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I was very interested in Father Gremillion's letter in your issue of November 27. We have directed our educational activities almost exclusively toward children, and the result is the atrophied intellectual life of our adult communities. The older theory was that a successful formal education prepares the student to conduct an independent self-education throughout the remainder of his life. Such an ideal is worth retaining as part of our educational theory, but it is highly unrealistic to suppose that it has found concrete application in our generation.

Adult education at the community level, as suggested by Father Gremillion, seems to be the most promising possibility. I would like to direct your attention to a remarkable experiment along these lines, the Thomas More Institute in Montreal. Here, an independently organized and primarily lay-directed Institute offers high-level instruction and study-group facilities to adults who are willing to devote time and effort to continuing their education along lines of their own choosing.

I have seen the Institute at work and can testify to the magnificence of its achievement, an achievement which demonstrates that the potentialities of the intellectual ideal have no need of acres of sandstone, huge endowments or complex administration. The serious efforts of a handful of self-sacrificing and competent people are the real endowment of such movements. . . .

ERWIN W. GEISSMAN.

Sunnyside, Wash.

TO the Editors: Father Gremillion's clear and articulate letter shows that now the time has come for the American Church to do as Catholics have done in Europe: the Oxford summer school, the Italian "Movimento Dei Laureati Cattolici" (which I witnessed in action in September), the "Katholischer Akademiker Verband" of Germany and Austria, founded after World War I by Monsignor F. X. Muench, and, of course, the French Catholic Intellectuals, are responses to this need. I think we priests should get together to provide Father Gremillion with funds to study these organizations, their programs and their achievements, so that he can set up a "pilot plant" in his parish, for us to imitate. How I wish I were younger in years to work in this field myself. But I appeal to The Commonweal-reading clergy to "get going."

(*Rev.*) H. A. REINHOLD.

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Death of a Poet

ANNE FREMANTLE

THE country is holy, Dylan Thomas wrote, and bade his love "know the green good," and wake "from country sleep." He died in the most utterly urban of all cities, bigger and badder than Ecbatana or Babel or Babylon. Yet, though he said he didn't believe in New York, he added: "I love Third Avenue," and he couldn't stay away. He came here first in 1950, then again in 1952, and, last, this year. Each time he read his poems and the poems of others, in his singing Welsh voice, on more than forty university campuses. He was rehearsing for a reading when he took ill and died last month, aged only thirty-nine.

In a note prefacing his *Collected Poems* published in 1953 by New Directions (who also published his earlier *Selected Writings, Portrait of the Artist As a Young Dog, The Doctor and the Devils,* and *In Country Sleep*), Dylan Thomas described a shepherd making, from within fairy rings, ritual observances to the moon to protect his flocks. When asked why, the shepherd replied, "I'd be a damn' fool if I didn't." Thomas added that all "these poems, with all their crudities, doubts and confusions, are written for the love of Man and in praise of God, and I'd be a damn' fool if they weren't."

This slightly truculent, partly pagan, yet wholly reverent, attitude was typical of Dylan Thomas. As John L. Sweeney said in his sensitive introduction to the *Selected Writings,* "none of the young poets of today is closer to physical life in the biological sense and to spiritual life in the religious sense." Sir Herbert Read has described Thomas' verse as "the most absolute poetry that has been written in our time," a poetry, he goes on to explain, that is concerned with elemental physical facts, of birth, copulation, death; and Dr. Edith Sitwell, as early as 1936, pointed out that "the work of this young man is on a huge scale, both in theme and structurally."

DYLAN Thomas was born in Swansea, in South Wales, in 1914. He grew up in World War I, was young through the drab years of the General Strike, and the depression, when almost everyone in Wales was unemployed, and matured in time to be an anti-aircraft gunner in World War II. His first book of poems was published in 1934, when he was just twenty, and he was hailed by Philip Toynbee as "the greatest living poet in the English language." Dylan Thomas married Caitlin Macnamara of Dublin, and lived with her and their two sons and a daughter on the Welsh sea-coast at Laugharne, a lovely village which Charles Morgan and his Welsh wife, Hilda Vaughan, Richard Hughes and Augustus John also frequent. Those who knew Dylan Thomas there speak of him as like a small, neat bull, with very curly hair, lots of vitality, big, limpid dark eyes and a round, thick head. He was gay and excellent company, though sometimes a scamp, as when some friends and he drove Augustus John fifteen miles into the country and dumped the painter out in the dark to find his own way home. (John, by the way, did a superb portrait of Thomas.)

It is astonishing that so much poetic life and vitality should have been born and nourished by twentieth century Wales, the country of the collieries, and the stuffy pool-halls and crowded roller rinks filled with shoddily dressed, bread-and-margarine-fed young men day after day and all day, because there was no work, never any work; with young people who were born and raised and married on the dole, who went from the dole to die in the great air raids on Cardiff and Swansea and Bristol, or to fight in Africa and Italy and Korea, where the Welsh regiments were particularly decimated. But there is absolutely nothing gloomy or tragic in Thomas' poetry, although it is all about death. For death is so accepted, so integrated, that it is as warm and living as birth or sex. Shropshire is on the edge of Wales, but there was never country further from Thomas' than that of A. E. Housman. Thomas is as wholly Celtic and Christian as Housman is English and agnostic. Since the Incarnation, the flesh can only truly be written about, in its begetting as in its rotting, in Christian terms. John Donne knew this, and the later Yeats

LINES FOR THE DEATH OF DYLAN THOMAS

(November 9, 1953)

Magician
and child
you are conjured
today
you are grown up.
Poet before our first grief's
hush
join His love
at the core of the sun's bush
you wrote of.

—JOHN LOGAN.

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learned it; D. H. Lawrence did not, and how narcissistic are his thin verses. Gerard Manley Hopkins shouted it, with his "Jack Christ," who for Dylan Thomas became:

> My Jack of Christ born thorny on the tree
> The words of death are dryer than his stiff
> * * * *
> Man be my metaphor.

It is to the late Elizabethans too and to the later Marvell and Crashaw that Thomas harks: Christ's blood, that streamed on the firmament for Christopher Marlowe, for Thomas:

> Once in this wind the summer blood
> Knocked in the flesh that decked the vine
> * * * *
> This flesh you break, this blood you let
> Make desolation in the vein
> Were oat and grape
> Born of the sensual rot and sap
> My wine you drink, my bread you snap.

and the "undaunted daughter of desires" who for Richard Crashaw was Saint Teresa, becomes for Thomas Mary at the Cross, whom he bids "unsex the skeleton."

Dylan Thomas was very conscious of his name's meaning, *Dylan*: sea, tide, and also the sea-deity, Arianhod's child, who at birth returned to the sea. In an interview published in *New Verse* in October 1934, he was asked if he had been influenced by Freud, and how he regarded him. "Yes, I have," he replied "whatever is hidden should be named. To be stript of darkness is to be clean, to strip of darkness is to make clean. Poetry is the recording of the stripping of the individual from darkness and must, inevitably, cast light upon what has been hidden for too long, and by so doing make clear. Freud cast light on a little of the darkness he had exposed. My poetry is, or should be, useful to me for one reason: it is a record of my individual struggle from darkness toward some measure of light."

His total acceptance of the matrix, the embryonic, the undifferentiated, as well as of man's whole long history from gill-breathing amoeba to God-intoxicated soul, and of the old Welsh hills—the oldest on this earth—and of all the vicissitudes of his people—still primitive and in many senses stone-agers after so many centuries—is in curious contrast with the revolutionary poets who immediately preceded him—with Auden, Christopher Isherwood, Stephen Spender, Louis MacNiece. Thomas is far more committed to life than they, as married, as a father, as an anti-aircraft gunner, as a proletarian whose education ended with grammar school. Yet he never shies at life's shadows, nor seeks to deny that all the facts of life are wet, and most are sticky. "Christ's dazzling bed" is a Welsh fertility ritual in which "on the earth of a retired field, the figure of a crucified man is formed from reeds." In one of his poems "Before I Knocked" Thomas makes Christ's humanity speak:

> I who was shapeless as the water
> That shaped the Jordan near my home
> Was brother to Mnetha's daughter
> And sister to the fathering worm.

Later in the poem he writes how

> I was mortal to the last
> Long breath that carried to my father
> The message of his dying christ.

This poem should be compared with W. H. Auden's lovely lyric lullaby that Mary sings to Christ in *For the Time Being*.

A CROWDED life, this tough young Welsh boy's, who was small and stocky as a pit pony: in ten years, between twenty and thirty, he published four books of verse, and also wrote several cinema scripts for the British Ministry of Information—high pitched documentaries. One, "These Are the Men," with Dylan Thomas as co-author, was shown here. He wrote too *The Doctor and the Devils,* a full length movie script on the problem of evil, centered around the famous Scottish murder case of Burke and Hare, the body-snatchers.

In Dylan Thomas' version of the Scotch legend, Dr. Thomas Rock (is the use of his own name accidental?), a brilliant young surgeon, needs bodies for his anatomy classes and studies. Two flophouse keepers, Fallon and Broome, procure them for him by murdering their clients. The age-old problem of the sanctity of life, of the bum's life, the whore's life, the criminal's life, the life of the mongoloid child, as against the advance of science (or the preservation of Chartres cathedral, or whatever the excuse may be) is here posed with gruesome clarity. It is splendidly exciting and should make an outstanding film.

And yet, for all the passion and the life, whose fountains were without, in the Glamogan countryside, as well as within, Dylan Thomas as a young man wrote how

> I dreamed my genesis in sweat of death
> and when war came he climbed to greet
> That one dark I owe my light.

and, he wrote:

> The coins on my eyelids sang like shells.

In all his verse is splendid record of twenty years-a-growing; and now he is dead.

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Simone de Beauvoir in America

AMERICA DAY BY DAY. By Simone de Beauvoir. Grove Press. $4.

By WILLIAM PFAFF

MME. de Beauvoir's portrait of America is of interest not for what it says about America, but for what it says about its author. As a description and analysis of America it is so badly informed and relentlessly prejudiced as to be virtually meaningless.

The book was written after the author, a leading Existentialist intellectual in France, made a four-months trip through the United States in 1948, and it was a considerable success in Europe. One could say that it was written prior to the trip to America, in the sense that Mme. de Beauvoir could have saved her money for all the difference first-hand observation made to her preconceptions. She knew what she wanted to find in America and she found it; and let the facts fall where they may. One can imagine her at work in America: this fact fits, use it; this one contradicts the thesis, away with it. It is like a child scrabbling through pebbles looking for the ones whose colors match.

Lionel Trilling recently remarked in connection with this book that even as respectable a European writer as Simone de Beauvoir seems to feel compelled, when she enters the world of political ideology, to shift categories in a most reckless fashion: having made a political judgment on America, she must reinforce that political judgment with a cultural judgment. She seems to this reviewer to be an example of the ideologue at his vengefully procrustean worst.

In an article in the *Partisan Review* (reprinted currently in the Avon pocket-size anthology *Modern Writing*), Diana Trilling treats at considerable length the factual misstatements and downright libels Mme. de Beauvoir repeats. (One example from a multitude: Americans "refuse . . . to believe in the German atrocities. As for the films taken in Buchenwald, Americans shrug their shoulders. . . . There is a bias in this refusal, and not necessarily a humanist bias: they will believe anything, without question, of the Japanese. Humanism is tempered by racial prejudice; goodwill is not extended to the Yellow Race, and there is a lot of German blood in the veins of American citizens.") Mrs. Trilling's article would interest any reader of this book.

There are two other factors in Mme. de Beauvoir's work which seem worth noting, for what they tell about Mme. de Beauvoir, and for what they disclose about the kind of left-neutralist European intellectuals who share Mme. de Beauvoir's view of America. She is great-

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ly concerned with the race question in this country. She visits the sections of American cities which are heavily Negro and comments on the situation of the Negro in the South and Southwest; and the effect of what she says is not, in my opinion, a real kind of respect, but one of backhanded patronization, a racism turned inside out. Here again she has a stereotype in mind and the American Negroes whom she meets had better fit, or else. Negroes should either be oppressed proletarians, full of simple joy in spite of their persecution, highly class-conscious, or they should be suffering intellectuals. She describes Negro dancers in the Savoy Ballroom in New York: "when these people dance, their animal vitality is not choked by the armor of Puritan virtue, and you understand how sexual jealousy can enter in to the hatred that white men in America carry within themselves. However only a small percentage of lynchings, riots, etc., have a pretext of sexual basis. . . ."

Comparable is her choice of words in dealing with working people. When they behave as a working class according to Marx, she is overpoweringly sympathetic. When they do not, when they attend the thriller movies on forty-second street, they are "the herd."

The obvious comment on this book is that it is not "serious." But it is frighteningly serious, in two ways. It is serious in the sense that it is totally humorless (except when the humor is unconscious), finding class significance in the most unsuspected places, relentlessly turning over the platitudes of America to find in them traces of old hatreds and new fascism, examining marajuana parties, strip-tease parlors and department store windows for evidence of America's decadence, the suppression of intellectual values, the ruthless dominance of the reactionary ruling class (the terms are hers; I am not parodying her).

And in a second sense, this book is serious because it is written by a well-known Frenchwoman and was widely read and respectfully received in two countries. There is no answer to it. The Voice of America will not sway Mme. de Beauvoir and her friends. Using her method of selection, one could prove the world flat. And using her method of discrediting in advance those who disagree, one could prove that those who claim the world round—geographers, seamen, astronomers—having a vested interest in the theory, profit from it, and hence cannot be credited. To argue is hopeless; one is reduced to table-pounding.

Mr. Blanshard in Ireland

THE IRISH AND CATHOLIC POWER. By Paul Blanshard. Beacon Press. $3.50.

By LEO R. WARD

AN interesting thing about Paul Blanshard is how angry he always is. This gives punch to his writing. It also reduces his freedom, so that he fails to see some things in perspective. He seems to lack sympathy for those whose works and pomps he feels he must destroy. In this regard he is like those many people who, while they hate crime, seem, as a part of the bargain, almost to hate the persons of the kidnapers and spies. In his three volumes on "Catholic power," Mr. Blanshard is against any such power, apparently against any degree and expression of it. And he appears to be against any bearers or wielders of it. It is hard to find between his lines any suggestions of sympathy or love for any bishop or any priest. Loaded with this lack of sympathy even for the person, perhaps Mr. Blanshard cannot readily understand the Catholic clergy—how they think, and what they do.

In the present book Mr. Blanshard's biggest allegations are anent the Irish. He says that the Constitution of the Irish Republic is a model. He holds that it allows in theory for freedom as well, probably, as any constitution, and that it does so in fact, too. Protestants and Jews are free to worship and to proselytize, and to build and man their own schools out of public taxes. But Mr. Blanshard says that the hierarchy acts extra-constitutionally and against freedom and the people's wishes in many matters, notably in matters of education, censorship, medical and health problems, and family life. Mr. Blanshard asserts that in many matters what Ireland gets *in practice* is a "Clerical Republic."

Now, Mr. Blanshard is an old campaigner, and he seems to proceed on the principle of throwing all the mud possible in hopes that some will stick. But in the area of censorship, or of health and medicine as illustrated in the Browne incident, it would be difficult to deny that Mr. Blanshard is dealing with something real. Some of the Irish censorship looks, at least to outsiders, pretty rigid. Dr. Halliday Sutherland's "The Laws of Life," and some of Graham Greene's, and Sigrid Undset's, and all of Sheila Kaye-Smith's works have at times been banned.

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Mr. Blanshard's point may be put briefly; "Who rules Ireland?" This, of course, is the business of the Irish, who no doubt dislike being criticized by Mr. Blanshard, by me or other foreigners. But this point is only a pivot for Mr. Blanshard's final point. This is that the operation of the Catholic Church in Ireland, carried out by Irish bishops and priests, is the prototype for the operation of the Catholic Church in America, carried out (he says) by American Irish bishops and priests. The operation there is bad —he holds—and the operation here is bad: he says that it now oppresses American Catholics, and that if it gets a chance it will oppress American Protestants, Jews and secularists.

The best thing about the Blanshard books is that they single out some real evils and try to work us up to a Blanshard heat against them. But Mr. Blanshard sees some ghosts too. And we must also say that he does not—and apparently cannot—see some important things that are there.

To begin with, Mr. Blanshard is unable to get anything in focus. He appears not to see that "power" is a perpetual problem, that it is of several common, recurring types such as economic, political and ecclesiastical; that Church-State problems are certain to recur in *any* Christian society, and that the situation, bad as some of its features might somewhere be, is not all white anywhere—or perhaps all black either. When Mr. Blanshard hears a Dublin priest say hard things against "lay" education, he gets terribly worked up, seemingly unaware that this is an old and not yet solved problem in England, France, Germany, the United States, or Ireland.

He assumes that state schools are the "best," and says that Catholics "should believe" that they are the "proper place" to educate children of all faiths. He uses various words and phrases for the mores: democracy, the "American majority," and so on; and assumes that if the mores are for some practice such as birth control, then the practice must be good: "respectable," as he says. He uses a variety of standards and tests for good and evil—the mores, his own fiat, the state, and perhaps degrees of freedom: the more freedom is exercised, the better.

In short, Mr. Blanshard has not thought matters through. He likes to pry things his way, by eulogizing his own method, based (he says) on "research," "documentation," and "analysis" (though social scientists might not agree); and he likes to hurl bad names at the other side, such as "celibate devotees," "the strategic policy of the Vatican," "fanatic," "bigot," and "fascism." He uses ugly words in such a way that the reader is never tempted to think, "Here is a man who has not an ounce of fascism or fanaticism in him."

An Examination of Greatness

THE MIND OF KIERKEGAARD. By James Collins. Regnery. $4.50.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE saying that the best introduction to any author is his own work is especially true in the case of Soren Kierkegaard. His treatment of aesthetics, philosophy and theology should not be approached as discursive or problematic. They must be an *event* in the life of the reader—or else Kierkegaard has failed in his purpose. His writings are sometimes beautiful, sometimes polemic, sometimes humorous, but they are always directed at the reader. (In terms of his own insistence on the "inwardness" of truth, of its passion and affectiveness, it is almost a paradox that Kierkegaard wrote books at all, for

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language exists in the mediation of the printed page and not in that immediacy of experience upon which he insisted.)

Kierkegaard is therefore difficult to discuss. Yet, within the limitations imposed by Kierkegaard's own purpose and manner, James Collins has written a study which is always well-reasoned and often brilliant.

Despite the great Kierkegaard vogue in the last few years (and I wonder how he would have reacted had he known that he would become something of a literary fad), few studies of his work are available in English. There is the pioneer work of Swenson and Lowrie, the brilliantly edited *Kierkegaard Anthology* by Robert Bretall, Auden's *Introduction,* Haecker's criticism and discussion of Kierkegaard's deformity, some scholarly works—and little else. Mr. Collins has now given us a sound analysis of Kierkegaard which is within the range and interest of the general reader.

Two qualities of Mr. Collins' work are especially noteworthy. The pseudonymous book and the Socratic dialogue abound in Kierkegaard. It has too often been assumed that one can quote from his work at random and be confident that he is quoting Kierkegaard's own thought. Mr. Collins carefully distinguishes the various positions taken in the dialogue and attempts to assess the relevance of the pseudonyms to the text. By doing this, he successfully unravels many of the contradictory criticisms that have been made of Kierkegaard's work.

Mr. Collins is also careful to discuss the historical context of Kierkegaard's development. Specifically, he includes the state of Danish Hegelianism and the chronology of Kierkegaard's own interest in Hegel in his discussion. Seen in this light, the polemical nature of much of his thought, and certain of his omissions, are more easily understood.

These are excellences of scholarship. On the level of content, I think Mr. Collins manages to preserve the quality of passion which is central to Kierkegaard's thought even while making a closely reasoned analysis. Certainly Kierkegaard has his formal philosophic importance. Yet his real significance is more prophetic: a violent affirmation of the crucial character of the relation of the individual to God in the face of systems and historicisms. And Mr. Collins realizes that whatever the formal omissions, often occasioned by the milieu in which he wrote, this is Kierkegaard's enduring contribution. He therefore places it in the center of his study.

A word about James Collins seems in order. In *The Existentialists* he began to establish himself as one of the most careful and brilliant of the Catholic analysts of modern and contemporary philosophy. His work is always scholarly, always well documented. He now adds to his growing reputation with *The Mind of Kierkegaard.* Such a study is a particularly difficult task, and he has accomplished it well. I would warmly recommend this book to anyone interested in one of the greatest of modern thinkers.

The World of Danny O'Neill

THE FACE OF TIME. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard. $3.75.

By JOHN A. LYNCH

MR. Farrell has said of his work: "In my fiction, I seek to recreate a precise, detailed, and objective picture of certain features of the so-called American Way of Life."

As this applies to the present book, Mr. Farrell has sought to recreate the fifth year in the life of Danny O'Neill (*A World I Never Made, No Star Is Lost,* etc.), or better, the last year in the life of Danny O'Neill's grandfather, Tom O'Flaherty, an Irish immigrant who, in the vicinity of the 4700 block of Indiana Avenue on Chicago's South Side, passes from life to death, and, like the rest of the tribe, is garrulous all the way.

Mr. Farrell, I suppose, has accomplished what he has set out to do. In three hundred and sixty-six pages he has given us that detailed picture of which he spoke. Here are Tom's wife Mary ("Ah, she was a woman with nary a fear in her."), Danny's Aunt Louise (dying of consumption at nineteen), Jim O'Neill, Danny's father ("He wished his own father had lived to know what kind of a man he'd become, to see him in some of his fights."), Aunt Peg, Uncle Al, the fighters and the lovers, fighting and living and loving, the Irish who, according to Mr. Farrell, even think in dialect.

But three hundred and sixty-six pages of detail do not necessarily make a story, nor does Mr. Farrell exhibit a style that can sustain all this travail.

Here, I believe, as elsewhere, objectivity has taken on too great an importance for Farrell. The effort to record in minute detail, exactly, with gestures, has left him wide open to missing any story that might be on the premises. He paints a huge canvas studded with, not impressions, but with sights and sounds. The death of Tom O'Flaherty, the central action in this book, is left nearly meaningless in the continual blather that springs from the mouths of everyone who opens a door or enters a room.

There are here the ingredients of a story, but the camera in Farrell's hand is nothing to what the brush in an artist's would be. The chronicler with lens and tape-recorder is hard put to match the man who slowly and carefully mixes his colors.

Too, detail can bore. One practice of Farrell's I would cite as follows:

" . . . she said eagerly."
" . . . Tom said dryly."
" . . . Lizz exclaimed loudly."
" . . . Jim said excitedly."
" . . . she cried out dramatically."
" . . . Al said conciliatingly."

Too, in case you missed it, there is one small passage I would like to quote just for curiosity's sake, inasmuch as this is 1953, edging on 1954, and writing has been known to take some strides forward. This is between Aunt Peg and her lover:

Suddenly Lorry took her in his

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arms, held her tightly, and kissed her passionately. Breathlessly he said:

"Peg, I love you."

She raised her left hand and stroked his face. She felt herself growing soft, as though she were melting away. She heard the clop of the horses' hoofs on the pavement.

She stroked his face while he kissed her.

"I love you, Peg," he repeated in a hot, panting breath.

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Michael Harrington writes on literary and political questions for The Commonweal and other publications.

John A. Lynch is the managing editor of *Ave Maria.*

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